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ON THE DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE.

USEFUL knowledge is an inestimable treasure, of the value of which few persons seem sufficiently apprized. The acquisition of it is an employment that does honour to our nature: its singular importance, both to our present and future felicity, must be acknowledged by every one who have reflected on the subject with any tolerable degree of attention; its admirable tendency to brace and strengthen the mind, to fortify us against the mazes of error and superstition, and prepare us for the various scenes through which we are to pass, must surely render it an object worthy our most assiduous endeavours.

A thirst after knowledge has been justly reckoned one of the surest characteristics of a truly great and ingenuous mind; wherever this disposition is predominant, no obstacles will be sufficient to impede its progress; difficulties will but invigorate our endeavours, and give new ardour to the energies of the mind; the reflection that a resolute persevering diligence cannot fail of success, will prove a stimulus to our exertions, and animate us to pursue our enquiries with cheerfulness and avidity.

Those persons who are blessed with extensive natural capacities, and who enjoy opportunities of improving them, may fairly be ranked amongst the happiest of mortals; to

them are imparted advantages of a superior kind; they enjoy, in an eminent degree, the enviable power of contributing to the welfare and felicity of their fellow creatures. Improve, ye happy few, those precious opportunities of usefulness and mental improvement which are now put into your hands—the fleeting moments will soon be past—catch them on the wing—employ them to the noblest of all purposes, that of cultivating your own minds, in order to enable you to become blessings to society, and enlighteners of the human race.

The chief end of our existence is to advance in knowledge and virtue; on these two qualifications depend entirely the happiness, the usefulness and the respectability of our lives; without knowledge our virtue would, in all probability, be extremely defective; these two qualities are of such a nature as not to be separated without a considerable dimunition of their lustre; united together, they exhibit the loveliest and most engaging picture humanity is capable of producing; they constitute the highest glory and dignity of our nature, and elevate us to an honourable rank in the scale of existence; they assimilate us to the best and most perfect of beings, and will form the principal ingredients in the felicity of a future world.

The darkness and obscurity in which many subjects are involved, ought by no means to damp our ardor in the pursuit of religious and philosophical truth; on many points we may obtain the clearest information, and even on those which at present appear to be attended with insuperable difficulties, new light may be continually struck out; every diligent and judicious enquirer may contribute towards dispelling the mists and darkness in which they are enveloped, till at length we shall, perhaps, be able to arrive at complete satisfaction, even on many subjects which at present appear to be above the reach of human comprehension: the astonishing discoveries that are continually making in almost every branch of science, justify and confirm this pleasing expectation!

If we take a survey of the state of those countries which have not yet experienced the blessings of civilization, upon

whom the light of the gospel has not yet dawned, nor science shed her divine influence—dreadful indeed are the scenes which present themselves to our view; ignorance and superstition, maintaining an unlimited ascendency over the human mind, and introducing a thousand barbarous customs, at the thoughts of which the feeling mind turns away with horror and disgust; the little appearance of religion that is to be found amongst them overclouded with the most shocking absurdities, and its utility destroyed by the most impious and cruel rites. Can we reflect on these circumstances, and not be sensible of the value of those superior means of improvement which we enjoy? How diligent ought we to be in appropriating them to our own advantage, and in rendering them subservient to the best interests of society.

Virtuous and intelligent parents, who are truly solicitous for the welfare of their offspring, and who are desirous of seeing them valuable members of society, will be careful to furnish them betimes with a stock of useful knowledge, which may not only be of the utmost consequence in directing the conduct of their future lives, but may serve to secure their young minds, against numberless temptations to which youth is liable: if they can be inspired with an early desire of improvement, and made to feel a delight in intellectual pleasures, in contemplating the sublime truths of religion, and morality, in exploring by the help of philosophy, the wonders of creation, and tracing the marks of divine wisdom and goodness in every object they meet with: such employments would give an elevation to their views, and would in a manner, abstract them from that thoughtless dissipation which is incident to their age; those trifles and impertinencies which engage the attention of so large a part of mankind would excite no other sensations but pity and disgust.

No less happily experienced would be the influence of such a practice in the decline of life; to a neglect of it may, in a great measure be ascribed that peevish querulousness which is too often the unhappy attendant of old age; nor is this a matter of surprise; having been accustomed to place

their chief satisfaction in external objects, and never been taught to look higher than the pleasures of sense, can we wonder that when these recede from their grasp, and mock their disappointed hopes, they should sink into the most abject despondency, and be ready to vent their fretfulness and revenge even on inanimate objects, by such a conduct rendering their own lives miserable, and disturbing the happiness as well as alienating the affections of all around them: whereas the man of an enlarged and cultivated mind, who has made the extension of his knowledge and the improvement of his heart the main business of his life, has many sources of innocent and laudable delight, with which the mere drudge of business or pleasure is entirely unacquainted; this man can retire from the gaieties and amusements of life without regret; he has treasured up a stock of happiness in his own mind, and, therefore, can never be at a loss when other resources fail; this will infuse a cheerfulness into his temper, and prove a sweet relief to the weariness and infirmities of age; his library will be ever ready to furnish him with a variety of useful and pleasing employments, and the still more exquisite delight of conversing with a few select friends, whose minds are similiar to his own, will agreeably diversify his time: thus calm and tranquil will be the evening of his days: even at the close of life he will feel no anxious terrors, but will look forward with joyful anticipation to a more perfect existence, where all the faculties of his mind will be enlarged and his knowledge augmented by continual improvements.

THE CAVERN OF STROZZI.

(Concluded from our last.)

'THE latter who thought this circumstance would be the means of forwarding the marriage and happiness of her daughter, received her confession with joy, and informed Lorenzi of it; who redoubled his tenderness, and the next

day proposed to his father to unite him by marriage with her to whom he was already united by love.

'But such was not the intention of the haughty Conarro. After having reproached his son with the baseness of his passion, he ordered him, without delay, to break off a connection with a girl, who, though she might with propriety be his mistress, could not, without an insult to his family, become his wife.

'The grief of the young lord was inexpressible, and was augmented by the reproaches of Florina's mother. As to Florina, who loved too sincerely to be actuated by pride or interest, she endeavoured to console her lover, and to calm her mother: she succeeded, and in the midst of her misfortunes was happy; she suffered them for an adored object, and could secure his welfare by that which in the eyes of the prejudiced was her own shame.

'Six months after she gave birth to a child, the care and education of which Lorenzi entrusted to Chrysostomse. Florina, as I afterwards learned, took the veil in a monastery distinguished for the severity of its regulations; and a few years after, her mother died.

'The son of Lorenzi was brought up by the Curate of Peschia as his nephew, under the name of Antoni. I am nearly of his age; he was constantly at my mother's house, where I was always with him: we passed our earliest years together, and scare ever quitted each other.

'Chrysostome was informed of our attachment.—To an heart truly amiable, he added an understanding perfectly cultivated. Among the different branches of science with which he was acquainted, that of botany delighted him most. He wished to inspire Antoni with a taste for it; but the study of the mineral chemistry engaged his attention, and he obtained a high reputation for his excellence in it. He had not however neglected the fine arts for the study of the profound and useful ones: he was equally skilled in celebrating the praises of Heaven upon the majestic harp, or attuning his mandolin to the soft strains of love. To the most captivating manners he added a good character a spotless soul, and a genius equally brilliant and solid.

Chrysostome, who was guided in the education he bestowed upon Antoni by the advice of his father, who came every two or three months to see him, destined him for the Church; but the son of Lorenzi had received from his father a heart which the good Curate had not cousulted, and he preferred the love of a young maiden to the ministry of the altar.

"That young maiden was myself:—we loved each other from the cradle as brother and sister: arrived at riper years, he gathered garlands of flowers to present to me; and now we have reached maturity, our minds, which resemble each other, have been directed towards the same objects.—I owe to him the little I possess; it is to him I am indebted for desiring to learn. Love and innocence were the basis of an attachment which constituted the happiness of our early years, and which time promises to increase.

"It was thus the poor and guiltless heart of Zanetta, actuated by those virtuous and heavenly sentiments, which were her chief ornament, poured into mine the secrets of her innocent loves; but as it received them, the empoisoned leven which fermented in it, changed and corrupted their purity. While that amiable girl was unfolding her whole soul, mine, soured by my own miseries, and jealous of her happiness, meditated the means of depriving her of him, who was the cause and object of it.

"I learned with joy that one of the sciences cultivated by Antoni was music. This discovery presented the infallible means of establishing between him and myself a point of communication of all others least liable to suspicion; for as every one knew my passion for music, my attentions to one distinguished in that art were the less remarkable.

"An opportunity of carrying my plan into execution soon presented itself; and as if every thing had conspired to render me more criminal, and Zanetta more unfortunate, it was herself who procured it. She came on the eve of a holiday, and asked me if I would accompany her the next morning to the parish church, where I should hear

her lover sing; I eagerly embraced the offer, and early the next day repaired to the church with Zanetta.

"As the priests and musicians entered, I endeavoured by the description I had heard of Antoni, to discover him, but an expressive gesture, and the sentiment of pleasure which suffused the countenance of Zanetta, better informed me of the appearance of her lover.

"Whatever ideas I had formed of this young man, I was soon convinced they fell short of what were due to him.—Clad in a long and flowing robe of linen, drawn under his arms by a scarlet ribbon, and standing near a harp, the strings of which he touched with a masterly hand, he seemed an angel of heaven celebrating the glories of the Most High. My heart had too long been consumed by a passion whichhad no distinct object, to remain insensible at such a spectacle. Soon the soft and pathetic voice of Antoni augmented his charms and my delirium:—my senses were intoxicated, and the poison of love and desire entered my soul; I felt a devouring fever, succeeded by cold shiverings, run through my veins; my eyes, expressive of the languor I experienced, scarce distinguished any object: I heard nought but confused sounds, and I could scarce support myself. If Zanetta had not been absorbed in the contemplation of her lover, she must have perceived the situation I was in. When we left the church, she asked me what I thought of Antoni. I concealed the sentiments with which he had inspired me, under an affected reserve, and replied that he had an agreeable voice, and I complimented her on her good taste. This insipid compliment which I would have expressed in terms of love and adoration, seemed to surprise Zanetta; and the poor girl left me, doubtless persuaded I possessed a heart of marble.

"When I had returned to the castle, and was left alone, every sentiment, every affection I had experienced recurred to my imagination; instead of listening to the dictates of prudence, and combating my passion with the arms of wisdom, I abandoned myself to its delights. The more violent was the love I felt for Antoni, the greater was my hatred towards Zanetta. determined, however, to spare

no pains to triumph over the one, and obtain possession of the other.

" Full of this idea, I went the next day to the Curate of Peschia. The venerable priest, in whose breast age had destroyed every passion, did not suppose that others could become the victims of them. He was only sensible to the pleasure of praising and hearing praised, him he called his nephew and for whom he had the tenderness of a father, considering himself as an aged oak protecting with its foliage a young and tender shrub.

" When Signor Chrysostome had heard the motive, or rather the pretence, of my visit, which was to praise his nephew, he hastened to send for him, and introduced me to him. You may imagine my joy, and at the same time my fears. Antoni sung, and accompanied on his divine harp; but though he augmented my desires, it was impossible to increase my love.

" From that moment he came every day to the castle; and though it was under colour of favouring me with his music, and in reality to see Zanetta rather than myself, yet the pleasure of seeing him, of speaking to him, of being near him, of expressing in passionate songs the situation of my heart, nourished the flames of that love before too violent to bear.

" A month passed in this manner, during which time I had only expressed myself by my looks. I however heaped favours on the uncle and nephew, and for the sake of appearances extended them to Zanetta.

" One day when we were singing a beautiful cantata of Metastasio, in which the charming poet describes, with so much truth, the delirium of a soul just receiving the reward due to its passion, ' With what ardour,' I exclaimed to Antoni, ' do you express that passage!—Happy will she be who may have power to inspire you; but, alas! wretched must she be who has only the desire.'

" I know no one whom that could affect,' replied the youth; ' for it does not follow because I am not disdained by one, that I possess sufficient merit to give uneasiness to others.'

" This is neither a proper time nor place to enter into a detail of either this conversation, or others of the same

nature which succeeded it; suffice it for the Senate to learn that, unable to destroy that love which Antoni entertained for Zanetta, I at least formed the hope he would not refuse mine, when an unfortunate circumstance determined our common ruin.

'One fine evening in autumn I was enjoying the fresh air in one of the walks of the park of Peschia, when my attention was excited by the sound of heavy sighs near me.—I perceived the person from whom they proceeded, was only separated from me by a small grove of trees. I listened, but could not distinguish what she said. The moon which reflected upon the spot, afforded me an opportunity of perceiving it was Zanetta. I doubted not but her lover was the cause of her tears, and was convinced of it when I saw him slowly advancing towards the place where she was sitting. Placed in the shade, and observing them through the foliage, I lost none of their motions:—Zanetta, with her face half concealed by her hands, and her back turned towards Antoni, feigned not to observe him, while he, on his part, appeared with downcast eyes and embarrassed countenance, and seemed fearful of addressing her. Induced, however, by the sighs of his mistress, he said to her, with a trembling voice, Zanetta you weep, 'Zanetta, without answering, continued weeping.—'Am I no longer your friend,' said Antoni, 'that you cannot tell me the cause of your tears?

'Who knows the cause so well as yourself?' said she 'besides are they the first you have seen me shed?'

'They are not the better founded on that account,' said Antoni; 'and if you had believed me, those I saw you shed a month ago would have been the last.'

'That depended on Antoni,' said Zanetta; 'and I should be less afflicted if he were less inconstant.'

'Alas!' cried the youth, 'I am not guilty; appearances only are against me.'

'Why can I not believe you?' said Zanetta; 'but, your conduct forbids me. Ah, Antoni; times are changed.'

'My heart is not,' interrupted Antoni. 'it never shall be;—my senses alone have been [illegible] at my feet, and, uttering a word, bedewed them with

yourself, continued he, 'can you think that your artless charms have less power over me than those of Olympia?—No, Zanetta, that majestic beauty, who rather excites awe than love, need not give you alarm:—it is she who has cause to dread you, for you have only to appear near her to outvie her.'

"At these words, which restored peace to Zanetta, and penetrated me with grief, Antoni threw himself at her feet. The pardon of the perfidious Antoni appeared in the countenance of Zanetta, and was sealed by a tender embrace.

"By the excess of my humiliation, it was easy to conceive that of my rage. I passed the night and part of the next day a prey to contending passions. If I had yielded to the first emotions with which I was inspired, the same death had joined those whom love had already united.

"But as my revenge was more slow, I determined it should be more terrible. My pride, not less wounded than my passion had been disdained, suggested to my mind a scheme of the most execrable nature; and I resolved to punish what I deemed an unparalleled injury by an unheard-of vengeance.

"The death of my father had left me mistress of a large fortune at my own disposal. In order to commit a crime, I had only to conceive one; for who is ignorant that with gold crimes may be committed with impunity? It was thus every base passion occupied my soul, and love, the most amiable of all, corrupted by the perverseness of my nature, produced the most monstrous actions.

"Antoni for several months had been engaged in writing a mineralogical history of the Cavern of Strozzi, so famous for its rare petrifactions, and which will doubtless now be more so by the horrors I have practised in it: he had made many voyages to this place, and had brought away various of its productions.—Filled with enthusiasm at his discoveries, he had often entreated me to go and admire them.

"The day but one after the grove scene, I dissembled my fiercer sentiment, and discoursing with him on different subjects, I insensibly introduced his favourite scheme,

"This is neither a proper [illegible]opose to have carried into exe-
a detail of either this conversati[illegible]d laid for him, and he suffer-

ed himself to be taken in it.—I agreed to accompany him, but I said to him—' I am young, and you are not of an age beyond suspicion; to prevent the tongue of slander, let us take Zanetta with us. What say you Antoni?'

" This proposition embarrassed him; he feared lest the presence of his mistress should make him betray his love for her. The unhappy youth would have been agitated still more, had he known that I was preparing to punish him for his love.

" Two days after, we took a boat; the people who conducted it were devoted to my will, and apprized of my purpose, and we departed by break of day.

" During the passage, Antoni who had the first leaves of the work he intended to publish, upon the singularities of the Cavern of Strozzi, with him, read us the most remarkable passages of it.—Zanetta alone listened to him: she was tranquil, and the serenity of her soul suffered her to dwell with rapture on his words; while mine, agitated by the intestine tempest which rent my heart, presented a picture of horrible and uncontrouled passions.

" We reached the island, and Antoni landed, elate with satisfaction which science imparts to those who seek it; Zanetta with timid curiosity, and I meditating guilt.

" After having crossed the space between the sea and the Cavern, we arrived at its entrance.

" Antoni transported at the sight, began to explain the wonders of Nature which had excited his attention.—Zanetta listened attentively to him; and I, silent and thoughtful, waited the signal of vengeance.—I heard it.—My ferocious heart leaped with joy, and I felt, by the bitterness of the gaul which flowed in my veins, that the pleasures of revenge are more delicious than those of love.

" At the firing of a pistol, which echoed through the Cavern, Antoni was startled, and Zanetta turned pale.—I answered it by another. At that moment, to the surprise of my victims, two armed men advanced toward Antoni, and before he could put himself in a posture of defence, though in fact he was unarmed, they loaded him with chains. Zanetta, half dead with terror, threw herself at my feet, and, without the power of uttering a word, bedewed them with

tears. This sight which might have softened a famished tiger, redoubled my rage.—I beheld in the tears of Zanetta only fresh proofs of her love and my dishonour.—'Perfidious wretch!' I exclaimed, 'it is not with tears the fury of an enraged lover can be assuaged—it is blood I require.'

"At these words Antoni uttered a dreadful cry; and nearly breaking his chains, rushed forward like lightning, and seized Zanetta in his arms.—'Atrocious woman!' said he, 'it is not her blood you shall shed: if you thirst for blood, behold my breast—glut yourself with mine; but spare—ah! spare this innocent.'

"I called to my people to separate them. Notwithstanding their entreaties, their cries, the incredible efforts they each made to prevent it, I was obeyed. Antoni exhausted, held forth his trembling hand to me—he raised his eyes, overflowing with tears; Zanetta turned her's towards me—she made a painful effort to embrace my knees, and fell on the earth."

"Sword of justice, pierce my guilty heart!—Avenging thunder, crush me! I seized with one hand the flowing hair of my victim, and with the other, putting aside the veil which covered her bosom, I plunged my poinard to her heart!"

Here the senators who had for some time sat motionless with horror, at the recital of such horrid crimes suddenly rose from their seats, as if by a convulsive movement, and then resumed them, pale with affright. Antoni swooned; and Olympia, stung with remorse, shuddering at the remembrance of her crimes, and the dreadful punishment that awaited her, fell into agonizing convulsions.

By order of the Tribunal she was conveyed to an adjoining apartment, and placed on a bed. Soon her features became deformed, and the livid colour of her cheeks announced that she was on the point of becoming the prey of Death.—Her bosom violently heaved; her eyes looked with wild fury; her lips were black and closed, and only articulated unintelligible blasphemies; in short, after two hours of the most cruel torture, Death, by cutting the blood stained thread of her life, disappointed the scaffold of its right.—Thus perished, at the age of twenty-eight, this celebrated beauty, once possessed of whatever could constitute human

felicity—powerful attractions, enchanting graces, universal talents, and every gift Heaven could bestow.

So many endowments of mind and person became, through the influence of her uncontrouled passions, the means of her destruction. Consumed by an inextinguishable desire of pleasure, she pursued its phantoms through the bloody paths of guilt; but it was in vain: there is no happiness for the wicked; and love, which is the image of innocence, cannot exist independent of it.

Antoni revealed to the Tribunal what he further knew of the secrets which Olympia had carried with her to the grave. We have seen that this detestable Woman was not satisfied with the murder of her rival—she had chained Antoni to Zanetta's dead body, which she had placed in a dark recess of the Cavern, under the guard of two monsters, of whom Ricardo was one; and from time to time she visited her victims, to offer him who still survived, what she called his pardon, that is to say, his liberty, provided he would espouse her.

Antoni had always rejected the offer with disdain.—He was content with giving a clue to the discovery of his situation by writing on the transparent leaves of his work, of which Olympia, as a favour, had brought him a copy; fortunately he had with him the means of availing himself of the opportunity, as he never explored the wonders of the Cavern, without previously providing himself with the materials for writing, in order that he might treasure up his remarks. He afterwards addressed, and with the consent of Olympia transmitted the book to the library of St. Mark, which abounded in treatises upon natural history.

Not to leave the reader ignorant of the least circumstance of this surprising adventure, it appeared that the very day Olympia was seized, was that which she had appointed either to obtain the consent of Antoni, or put him to death. The same individuals among whom I had introduced myself to the Cavern, and who had escaped when Olympia was arrested, were discovered by means of the questions put to Ricardo, and were well known; the one as a priest, the others as bravoes, who, in case the marriage had taken place, were to have been witnesses of it, and on the contrary

event, were to have procured a less pacific means of relief to the wretched Antoni.

It is unnecessary to state that the most guilty of these wretches attoned by their lives for the crimes they had committed; the others were confined in dungeons, and some, were sent to the gallies of the Republic.

The memory of Zanetta was publicly honoured. Antoni after having obtained the necessary assistance from the Tribunal, returned to Peschia to his old uncle, who supposed him dead. I, whom the tribunal honoured with a degree, returned thanks to God, who had employed the weak hand of a mortal to punish those secret crimes which he alone had witnessed.

A REVERIE

ON THE PASSION OF LOVE.

UPON reading some passages in the fourth book of Virgil, in which he paints the distress of Dido upon her being deserted by Æneas, I could not help revolving in my mind with a good deal of uneasiness, the miseries of love. My reflections threw me into a reverie, which presented to my mind an imaginary train of circumstances which I shall now relate, hoping they may tend to cherish that virtuous sensibility which is the ornament of our nature. My fancy naturally carried me into the times of heathenish superstition, which I hope will be my apology for mentioning Gods and Goddesses. I imagined that the power of love had occasioned general discontent, and that the different orders of men had entered into an agreement to petition Jupiter for her removal.

I thought that at the head of these complainers, stood the men of learning and science; they lamented with vehemence the inroads of love, that it has often betrayed them from the paths of knowledge into perplexity and intrigue. They alledged, that it extinguished in the bosom of the young, all thirst after laudable improvement, and planted

in its stead frivolous and tormenting desires. That the pursuit of truth called for a tranquil and serene state of mind, whilst love was constantly attended with tumult and alarm. Whatever turn she takes, said they, she will ever be an enemy to labour, her smiles are too gay, and her disappointments too melancholy, for any serious application. They were grieved to see that so trifling a passion should occupy so much time and attention, and that man, who was formed to contemplate the heavens and the earth, should spend half his life in gaining the good graces of the weaker and more inconsiderable part of his species. I thought I perceived that this turn for love and gallantry, gave particular offence to the whole tribe of astronomers and profound philosophers. They saw with indignation, that many of our youth were more anxious to explain a look, than to solve a problem, and that they would often be playing with a fan, when they should be handling a quadrant. It infatuates every one, said they, who is so unhappy as to be touched with it. He is often more attentive to every change of countenance in a celebrated beauty than to the phases of the moon, and is more anxious to be acquainted with all her manœuvres, than with the motion of the whole planetary system. One in particular affirmed upon his knowledge, that he had been acquainted with students in anatomy, who looked with more curiosity into the countenance of a young beauty than upon the dissection of a bullock's eye. Some who pretend to see much farther than the vulgar, considered every thing relating to love, as capricious and visionary. Since we are all formed of the same materials, it seemed to them very unreasonable that a little difference of form and colour should raise such violent commotions. Beauty, they said was but a superficial covering, and every thing at the bottom was alike. Upon this principle, they looked upon it as the height of philosophy to view with indifference, what has always given mankind the greatest pleasure. This humour they carried so far, that they lamented they could not strip nature herself of her delusions, as they termed them, by taking off those agreeable colouring of light and shade which lie upon the objects around us, and give them all their richness and beau-

ty. They would have been glad to have turned the creation into a colourless and dreary waste, that they might have wandered up and down and taken a closer survey of it.

The next class of petitioners, I observed, were the men of business. They set out with remarking, that they did not join in the complaints that were made against love upon their own account; for though they had been weak enough in the younger part of their lives to fall under its influence, it was many years since they had felt the slightest impressions of it. They had in view the welfare of their children, and this being neither more or less than their affluence, they were led to consider love chiefly in the light of an expensive passion. Its little tendernesses and endearments appeared to them inexpressibly ridiculous, and they wondered how any body could be foolish enough to spend hours in tattling to women, without thinking to gain a farthing by it. They gave a long list of young men who had been frugal and industrious, till they were enticed by love to prefer pleasure to profit. They declared, that when we take an account of balls, and treats, and trinkets of various kinds, with the loss of time inseparably attendant upon them, it was at the peril of fortune to attempt the heart of a beloved object. I was a good deal amused with the manner in which they treated of love; they considered it as they would any other commodity, setting a price upon every part of it. A side glance was rated at half as much as a full view; they portioned out all the parts of a beautiful person, and made a valuation of each of them.—The same scale was applied to their very attitudes; for the sight of a beautiful woman, dancing, was accounted a matter of enormous expence, and if she chanced to smile with any degree of complacency upon any one, it was well if he was not ruin'd. Under these impressions, they considered love as the certain forerunner of poverty.

There was one complaint raised against this passion, which I thought had something in it more plausible than any I have yet mentioned; it turned upon the ease with which it makes it approaches upon us, and the impossibility of guarding against its first advances. We have been

able said they, by art, to manage the elements so as in general to prevent any dangerous overflowings of them. We brave the storm in ships, and dive into the sea in bells, but the ingenuity of man has hit upon no contrivance to save us from the influence of love. Could we call it in to amuse a leisure hour, or to relieve the langour of a few tedious moments, and then dismiss it again, it might be esteemed a blessing, in a life so barren of enjoyment. But it is an influence that is shed all around us, and pours itself upon us from every corner. It often lies hid betwixt the keys of an harpsichord, and is shaken out with a few touches of the finger. It flounces in an apron, and is trailed along with a petticoat. No circumspection can preserve us from it, for it will often steal upon us, when we are least upon our guard. It hides itself in a lock, and waves in ringlets of the hair. It will enter by an eye, an ear, a hand or a foot. A glance and gaze are sometimes equally fatal.

I was next presented with a scene which I thought as interesting and solemn as can enter into the imagination of man. This was no other than a view of the whole train of disappointed lovers. At the sight of them my heart melted insensibly into the most tender compassion. There was an extreme dejection, mingled with a piercing wildness in their looks, that was very affecting. Cheerfulness and serenity, I could easily perceive they had been long strangers to. Their countenances were overspread with a gloom which appeared to be of long standing, and to be collected there from dark and dismal imaginations. There was at the same time all that kind of animation in their features, which betokens troubled thoughts. Their air and manner was altogether singular, and such as marks a spirit at once eager and irresolute. Their step was irregular, and they ever and anon started and looked around them, as though they were alarmed by some secret terror. I was somewhat surprised in looking through the whole assembly, not to see any one that wept. When they were arrived at the place where they had determined to present their united petitions, I was particularly attentive to observe every thing that passed. Though I listened, I could not learn any thing distinctly. After an interval of profound

silence, a murmur only of broken sighs and piercing exclamations was heard through the assembly. I should have mentioned, that some of them fell off before they had got to the place of rendezvous. They halted for some time, and continued in a melancholy suspense, whether they should turn back, or go forward. They knew not which to prefer; the tranquillity of indifference, or the tender distresses of love; at length they inclined to the latter, not having resolution even to wish for the extinction of a passion which mingled itself with the very elements of their existence. Why, said they, should we banish from our minds the image of all that is pleasing and delightful, and which if we could once forget, there would be nothing left in the world worth remembering? The agitation and anxiety felt upon this occasion, could I lay it fully open to the reader, would form a much more interesting picture than the deliberations of Cæsar, whether he should pass the Rubicon.

I imagined there were several other distinct bodies of men, who complained to the heavenly powers of the tyranny of love, but the particulars having in a great measure faded from my memory, the reader must excuse my passing them over in silence. I must not however forget to observe, that the number and unanimity of those who presented their petitions upon this occasion, were such, that they might fairly be considered as representing the sentiments of far the greater part of mankind.

Perhaps Providence never chastises the folly of men more justly, than by granting the indulgence of their requests. Upon this occasion, I observed, their wishes were accomplished, and they were relieved from a tyranny of which they so heavily complained. Upon an appointed day, the Goddess of Love took her flight to the higher regions from which she had descended; her influence was at once withdrawn, and all her inchantments were broken up. I thought nothing could equal the joy that was expressed upon this occasion. The air rung with acclamations, and every man was in haste to congratulate his neighbour on their deliverance from a thraldrom, which had sunk the spirit, and degraded the dignity, of the human race. They seemed all to be lightened of a load, and to break forth with fresh vivacity and spirit. Every one

imagined he was entering upon quite a new career, and that the world was laid fresh open before him.

I could not help feeling an inward delight in seeing my fellow creatures made at once so happy. At the same time I was anxious to know what would follow upon this new revolution, and particularly, whether it would answer the high expectations that were formed from it. Upon my looking around, I was a witness to appearances which filled me with melancholy and regret. A total change had taken place in the whole train of human affairs, and, I observed, to my sorrow, the change was every where for the worse. It was melancholy now to enter into company; for instead of conversation enlivened by vivacity and wit, there was nothing heard of but a drowsy humming, to the last degree, tiresome and insipid. In the social intercourse of men, the heart had no place; pleasure and the desire of pleasing were equally unknown. Those that I had an opportunity of observing, I thought very much resembled the loungers and coxcombs of our day, who, without any view of receiving pleasure, mingle in a crowd and engage in conversation, not to enjoy time, but to kill it. I now sought in vain for those friendly meetings, at which I had often been present, where every one, desirous of adding something to the pleasure of the whole, drew forth the fairest ideas of his mind, and by the display of tender sentiments, melted the heart, and soothed the imagination. With what regret did I recollect those conversation parties, in which my heart was wont to be full, and to pour itself forth, as we talked ourselves alternately into sadness and into joy.

I had an opportunity of correcting a mistake into which I had fallen, in imagining that love reached only to courtship and marriage; I saw that it insensibly mingles with our most trifling actions, refining our thoughts and polishing our manners, when we are least aware of it. The men had now entirely thrown aside that tenderness and gallantry which are the great ornaments of human nature, and are so peculiarly needful to temper and soften the rudeness of masculine strength. Men and women, were now placed quite upon a level, so that the harmonious softness of the female voice was drowned in turbulence and noise. The ear was filled, but the heart was left empty. Politeness

was exchanged for a tame civility, wit for merriment, and serenity for dullness. I began to think more highly than ever of the fair sex, and regarded them in a new light, as a beautiful mirror lying in the fancy of a lover, for him to dress his thoughts by. People were every where falling a prey to dejection, and complaining of the faintness of human enjoyments, as might well be expected, when the influence of love was withdrawn from them, which by inspiring romantic hopes and romantic fears, keeps the mind always in motion, and makes it run clear and bright. You may be sure, nothing could make a more ridiculous appearance than courtship, at a time when women retained their vanity after they had lost their charms. Such is the force of habit, that you might often see a pretty creature twirling her fan, and playing off her little enchanting airs before her lover, who perhaps sat all that time perfectly insensible, fingering his buttons or picking his teeth. Vanity, I perceived, was a kind of instinct in women, that made them employ the whole artillery of their charms, when they knew they could do no execution. Indeed their airs appeared so ridiculous now, in the eyes of the men, that they had often much ado to refrain from laughter. The coquettes, particularly, in their flutterings to and fro, made as odd a figure as fish who should be frozen around in the very act of swimming. Out of respect to the ladies, however, I would compare them to the Grecian chiefs, who, according to the representation of the poets, carried with them so lively an impression of their former employments, that they would be marshalling their troops, and brandishing their swords, even in the shades below. However the fair sex were soon relieved from this sort of ridicule. They no longer took any pains to smooth their brow, to soften their features into a smile, or to light up the beam of brightness in their eye. Careless of offending, where they knew they could not please, they became negligent in their persons and vulgar in their air. I cannot express the regret I felt, upon beholding the fairest and most beautiful part of the creation, thus thrown into shade.

I thought I perceived that the fine arts began to languish; the paintings that made their appearance at this time, were neither so boldly sketched, nor so brightly coloured, as those I was wont to survey; they were chiefly confined to still

life. I observed, however, that the extinction of love affected poetry still more than painting—It no longer regaled the mind with descriptions of beauty, or softened it with tender distress. Its enchantment was entirely dissolved; that enchantment which will carry us from world to world without moving from our seat, will raise a visionary creation around us, will make us rejoice, when there is nothing to rejoice in, and tremble when there is nothing to alarm us. These interesting situations, which awaken the attention and enchain the mind in solemn suspense, till it breaks forth into agony or rapture; now no longer existed in nature, and were no longer described by the poet; he wrote rather from memory than feeling, for the breath of inspiration had ceased.

Upon this occasion, I was not at all surprised at the decline of eloquence. I have always thought love the nurse of sensibility, and that if it were not cherished by this passion, it would grow cold, and give way to a selfish indifference. My conjecture was now abundantly confirmed, for though I saw many discourses composed at this time, that were well-argued, elegant, and correct; they all wanted those essential touches that give language its power of persuading.

One thing a good deal surprized me, and that was, to observe that even the profound parts of learning, were less attended to than ever. I was well aware that few apply themselves closely to study, but with the hope of sometimes displaying their acquisitions to the public; and I had imagined fame was a sufficient recompence for any toil human nature could sustain; but I was surprised to find that in all great and noble undertakings, the desire of appearing respectable in the eyes of a beloved object, was of more consequence than the general admiration of mankind.

These, I thought, were not the only melancholy consequences that flowed from the departure of love—It may be sufficient however to observe in general, that human nature was becalmed, and all its finest emotions frozen into a torpid insensibility. The situation of mankind was truly pitiable. Strangers to the delicate pleasures of the heart, every thing around them looked cheerless and barren. Calamity left them nothing to hope, and prosperity gave them nothing to enjoy.

I observed that they were now as desirous of bringing back the agency of love as they had been before to exclude it. —At length, I imagined, Jupiter was touched with compassion at their unhappy situation, and appointed a day in which love was to revisit the abodes of men. An immense number of people, of all orders and ranks, and of every age and condition, assembled themselves as you may suppose, to behold the descent of the goddess, and to hail her approach. The heavens, I thought, glowed as she descended, and so many beautiful streaks of light glanced along the surface of the sky, that they divided it into separate tracts, brightened up every cloud within it, and turned the whole into an aerial landscape. The birds at the same time leaped among the branches, and warbling their sprightliest notes, filled the air with a confused melody of sounds, that was inexpressibly delightful. Every thing looked brighter than before, every thing smelled sweeter, and seemed to offer up fresh incense to the goddess. The face of nature was changed, and the creation seemed to grow new again. My heart glowed with delight. I rejoiced in the renovation of nature, and was revived through my inmost powers. There thrilled through me a delightful sensation of freshness and novelty, similar to what a happy spirit may be supposed to feel, when he first enters a new state of existence, and opens his eyes on immortality.

I thought I had but a very confused idea of the person of the goddess herself, for her raiment was so full of light and lustre, that I could scarcely take a steady view of her. I observed, however, that her complexion was rather too glowing, and the motions of her eye too piercing and fiery, for perfect feminine beauty. Her beauty, I thought, was too raised, and had too much glory in it, to be entirely attractive. I was very much astonished to observe, that whoever she glanced her eye upon, immediately fell under the influence of the passion over which she presided. It was a very singular sight, to see a whole assembly, one after another, falling into love; and I was much entertained in observing the change it occasioned in the looks of each of them, according to their different temper and constitution: Some appeared wild and piercing, others dejected and melancholy. The features of several glowed with admiration, whilst others looked down with a timid and bashful respect. A trait of

affection was plainly to be discerned in all of them, as might well be expected from a passion the very first effect of which is to make one lose the possession of one self. Several ladies in particular, seeming careless and gay, were whispering to those who stood next to them and assuming airs of particular vivacity, whilst you might easily see their countenance was chequered with anxiety, lest they should chance not to please those upon whom they had fixed their affections. The greater part of the fair sex, however, I observed, smiled with an ineffable sweetness; nor could any thing appear more lovely than their features, upon which there was imprinted a tender reserve, mingled with modest complacency and desire. I imagined, that after the goddess had thoroughly surveyed the assembly, and they had seated themselves into some degree of composure, she thus addressed them.—

"Ye children of men. Ye abound in the gifts of Providence, and many are the favours heaven has bestowed upon you. The earth teems with bounty, pouring forth the necessaries of life, and the refinements of luxury. The sea refreshes you with its breezes, and carries you to distant shores upon its bosom; it links nation to nation in the bonds of mutual advantage, and transfers to every climate the blessings of all. To the sun you are indebted for the splendor of the day, and the grateful return of season; it is he who guides you as you wander through the trackless wilderness of space, lights up the beauties of nature around you, and makes her break forth into fruitfulness and joy. But know that these, though delightful, are not the pleasures of the heart. They will not heal the wounds of fortune, they will not enchant solitude, or suspend the feeling of pain. Know, that I only am mistress of the soul. To me it belongs to impart agony and rapture. Hope and despair, terror and delight, walk in my train. My power extends over time itself, as well as over all sublunary beings. It can turn ages into moments, and moments into ages. Lament not the dispensations of Providence, amongst which the bestowment of my influence is one. He who feels it may not be happy, but he who is a stranger to it must be miserable."

HAFEZ AND AMINA.

AN EASTERN TALE.

WHEN the sword of Jenghiz Khan spread devastation over fifty countries, and subjected the regions of the East to his despotic sway, Hafez, a prince of Irak, after endeavouring valiantly, but in vain, to stem the torrent, and save his native land, submitted to his fate and the clemency of the conqueror. He was sent in chains to the khan, who pleased with the bravery he had displayed, the intrepidity of his demeanour in captivity, his youthful beauty, and his martial air, restored him to freedom, and took him into his especial favour. He soon after promoted him to be one of his generals, and gave him a principal command in the army which he sent against Georgia. Hafez, with the ardour of a soldier, fulfilled the commands of his ambitious sovereign; the Georgians were defeated with great slaughter, their cities pillaged, and their country laid waste by the ferocious Moguls.

When the tempest of war began to subside, as the fire decays when it has devoured its fuel, Hafez, one day walking forth in the fields which were late the abode of golden plenty and jocund merriment, but now the sad scenes of depopulation and dreary silence, saw, at the foot of a tree a youthful female sitting in a mournful posture, with her eyes bathed in tears, her hair disheveiled, and apparently overwhelmed with agonising despair. He approached her and inquired the cause of her grief. At first she answered not, but to his repeated solicitations she at length thus replied,—"Soldier, can the sight of sadness and despair be so new to you, that you should enquire the cause of the miseries which you yourself inflict on the nations of the earth. The furious soldiers of Hafez and their merciless leader, have spread wretchedness over the face of my country. They have sacrificed to the accursed ambition of their sovereign all the genuine happiness which nature has infused into the cup of life. Our young men have perished in the field, the old are pining in the lingering tortures of hunger.—My father!—Oh my father!—at this moment per-

haps he expires. I have sought food for him these three days; for age, sickness, and grief have so enfeebled him, that he cannot seek it for himself. Yesterday and the day before I procured a little, but to day my search has been utterly fruitless: the barbarous Moguls have carried off every thing: he must die, and I must follow him to the grave."

Amina, as she spoke, lifted up her streaming eyes, and the heart of Hafez was touched with compassion. "Be comforted," said he, "you have found the relief you sought. Your father shall live, if human aid can preserve his life. I promise this to you; and what I promise I have the power to perform."

In an ecstacy of joy and gratitude the beauteous Amina threw herself at the feet of the generous stranger. Hafez raised her from the ground, and gazed with admiration on the symmetry of her form, and the animation and expression of her countenance. He accompanied her to her father, whose wants he relieved, and whom he ordered to be carefully attended, till, from langour and debility, he should be restored to cheerfulness and health;—for his compassion for the sorrow and distress of Amina had been rapidly succeeded by love, which filled his whole heart, and he preferred the willing chains and soft captivity of the tender passion to the barbarous pleasure of imposing the yoke on conquered nations. Amina, on her side, likewise, felt a reciprocal affection for the youthful warrior, who had saved the life of her father, and lavished so many benefits on them both. The calamities he had brought on her country were in conformity with the cruel usages of war, and many of its barbarities had been repressed or alleviated by his generous sentiments and conduct. They were united by the bands of love, and the legal ceremonies of their religion; and in the arms of his beloved Amina, Hafez experienced that a greater happiness may be enjoyed by man than the gratification of cruel ambition, by spreading destruction over a smiling country, to procure dishonourable fame and barbarous dominion.

Georgia being reduced by the army of the victorious Moguls, Hafez returned to the court of Jenghiz Khan, where he continued to enjoy the favour of his sovereign,

and the affection of his Amina, till the monarch again required his services at the head of an army. In less than a twelvemonth, the Georgians being cruelly oppressed by the governor set over them, raised the standard of revolt, and resolved to make every exertion to break their chains. Again to reduce them to their former bondage, and mercilessly rivet their fetters, Jenghiz Khan ordered Hafez to put himself at the head of a chosen body of the Mogul troops, and lay waste the devoted country with fire and sword. But the tears of Amina, when she heard of the sentence passed on her native land, so wrought on the generous soul of Hafez, that he ventured to remonstrate with the invincible Khan on the severity of his commands. He reminded him of the wretched condition to which the Georgians had been reduced, by the severe oppressions of their rapacious governors. He pleaded their cause with fervor, and conjured tthe monarch rather to reclaim them by the administration of impartial justice, than destroy them with the sword of extermination. The haughty monarch frowned with a mixture of anger and contempt. "Pusillanimous slave," said he, "thou art no longer a warrior! I have heard how passionately thou art devoted to a female slave thou hast brought from this contemptible country. Thou art enervated by this base passion, and all martial spirit and thirst of fame has perished in thee. Begone from my sight. But, first I will see this wondrous beauty, whose fascinations have deprived me of so brave a warrior, and a chief, on whom I thought I had so deservedly conferred my favour."

Orders were immediately dispatched to bring Amina before the Khan; and the lovely wife of Hafez soon made her appearance, accompanied by her aged father, whose life had been preserved by the bounty of the conqueror of Georgia. She fell at the feet of the monarch, and with copious streams of tears, and the most pathetic entreaties, pleaded the cause both of her country and her husband. The mighty sovereign of the Moguls was astonished at her beauty, and moved to compassion by her supplications. The venerable Luarzab, the father of Amina, at the same time availed himself of the opportunity, in the most humble manner, eloquently to plead the cause of his country. He represented to the Khan the cruel treatment, the impoverished Georgians had suffered from the tyranny of the Mogul go-

vernors. He painted in the most lively colours the miseries that had compelled them to rebel against their oppressors, and undertook to answer with his life for their peaceable submission to the authority under which they lived, were they only treated with common justice and humanity.—Jenghiz Khan, though despotic power had hardened his heart, was not totally incapable of the emotions of generosity. He listened to the truths he heard from Luarzab, enforced by the tender entreaties of the exquisitely beauteous Amina.—Turning to Hafez, he said,—"I can no longer wonder that such beauty and delicacy should have obtained such an influence over you. Were I not Jenghiz Khan, I could wish to be Hafez. I yield to the wishes and representations of Luarzab. You shall go and subdue the Georgians; not by violence and devastation, but by justice and generosity. You shall take the force you choose, and employ it as you think proper. I make you governor of the province. Luarzab will assist you by his counsels, and his influence with his countrymen. Go, and let my equity and clemency be known, as well as my power."

Hafez immediately set out, with Amina and her father, for his government. The Georgians, informed of what had passed at the court of Khan, received them with transports of joy. Hafez, following the advice of Luarzab, quickly redressed the grievances of the oppressed people, restored plenty to their deserted fields, and completely reconciled them to submit the sceptre of Jenghiz Khan.

Luarzab was idolized by his countrymen for the wise regulations he instituted among them, and died at a very advanced age. After his death, Hafez and Amina lived many years in happiness and tranquillity, amid a people who considered them as their saviours, and who, at once, loved and revered them.

A DESCANT ON SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, thou source of human woes, thou aggrandiser of evils, had I not been possessed of thee, how

calmly might my days have passed! yet would I not part with thee for worlds. We will abide together, both pleased and pained with each other. Thou shalt ever have a place in my heart, be the sovereign of my affections, and the friend of my virtue. Where thou pointest the way, I will cheerfully follow. Lead me to the abodes of misery, to the scenes of distress, nay, to the field of battle, that cold bed of honour. My tears shall bath the hero's wound; my advice revive the desponding widow, while my arms secure and protect the timid orphan: I may find the house of mourning to be the porch of wisdom, and the throbs of agony may prove the most convincing monitors. Weeds shall yield me instruction, and the discernment of misfortune shall caution me against the paths which inevitably terminate in it.

Does the fond father, whose years have tinselled his locks with silver, mourn the loss of a promising son, I will tenderly administer comfort, by informing him that the youth whom he deplores is far happier than his lamentations, in one sense, seem to wish him. Early snatched from care, perhaps from dependance, his desires are satisfied, and his rest undisturbed. In the bosom of peace each murmur is forgotten. The sable and deep waters of death, while they serenely flow into the vales of paradise on the one hand, by rolling their boisterous waves against the opposite shore of time, prove an insuperable obstacle to the entrance of pain. Hoary sage, be sparing of thy tears—thy son is happy!—what wouldst thou more? In yon narrow cell no curst ambition, with flame insatiate shall damp the generous purpose of the soul; no mean avarice nor selfish passion debase the heart or sour the temper; no material loss sustained shall hurt a child; no injury received shall grieve a relative, or steep a loving spouse's couch in briny woe; no dissimulation tinge his own tongue, or guilty passion wound his breast. Is this his real state? Then, tell me, if not from the mercy-seat, whence issued the high decree? As a man, sustain the shock; as a christian adore!

But, ah! why weeps the tender mother? Are her hopes blasted, and her very desires laid in the tomb? How blooming and how gay! how faded and how dull!

She, sighing, says—Painful recollection! was this the once admired Lavinia, who, soon as she attracted the eye,

subdued the heart? Insatiate archer, could neither youth nor beauty save! Approach Lavinia's bier, ye dissipated young, who spend hours at the toilet in adorning your person, or painting your faces, and view where beauty lies; blend the colour of mortality with your rouge, and encrust its precepts on your heart. Lavinia, lately the pride and delight of her friends, now the object of their deepest sorrow! Ah! turn aside, ye mourners! behold the maid!—she is not dead, but sleepeth!—a little while, and she shall arise more lovely than the morning, more graceful than the queens of earth. Arrayed in spotless innocence, she shall come forth, and chide your murmurings for her glorious change. Ere misfortune had forced the sigh, or deceit stained the mind, she was conducted by angels to the abodes of joy, and seated by the prince of love in the bowers of paradise.

Humanity must feel, but reason checks the overflowings of grief; religion marks the bound; sensibility lends the tear; misfortunes lead to wisdom, but how painful the road—at every step a thorn pierces, or an adder stings. Happy those, who, trusting to the experience of others, are not foolishly wise for themselves. Be advised ye young; be instructed, ye gay, ye fair! Take of the fruit already gathered, lest a serpent lurk in the grass, and you feel too late the venom of his sting.

Abandoned to shades and solitude, condemned to pass her days in obscurity, and her nights in sorrow, Calista had not been, but for a fatal mistake. Vice assumed the mask of pleasure, and easily imposed on the too credulous fair. Triumph not in her weakness, ye sons of reason! It is your duty to support, but it is you who oppress.

Let me ever share the woes I cannot relieve, and bestow the pity I would wish in like circumstances to share. Never may my breast be callous, or my lips forget the law of mutual sympathy and kindness. Swift be my feet when the cry of calamity pierces my ear, and powerful be my efforts in easing the plaints of virtue. Even when it might be just to be severe, may I remember that sarcasm is a bitter portion, and to be administered only by those who have no foibles of their own.

Insensibility, thou idol of fools, I detest thy very name! thou bane of bliss—from incapability of enjoyment be thou never mine; but at two periods, if they should ever arrive (which kind Heaven avert) then spread thy influence over every sense, and screen me from myself in the dreary mantle of forgetfulness.

THE TENEMENT: AN ALLEGORY.

I LIVE in a poor little sorry house of clay, that stands upon the waste, as other cottages do; and, what is worse, I am always liable to be turned out at a minute's warning. It is a sort of copyhold tenure; and the custom of the manor is such, that, for the first thirty years of my life, I am to pay no rent, only to do suit and service, and attend upon the courts, which are kept once a week, and sometimes oftener. For twenty years after this, I am to pay a rose every year; and further than this, during my life, I am to pay a tooth (which you will say is a whimsical kind of acknowledgement) every two or three years, or oftener, if it be demanded: when I have nothing left to pay, *out* must be the word, and then it will not be long before my person must be seized. I might have had my tenement, such as it is, upon better terms, had it not been for the faults of my great grandfather and his wife together, who, over-persuaded by an ill neighbour, were concerned in robbing an orchard belonging to the lord of the manor, and so forfeited their grand privilege; to my sorrow, I am sure. But, however, I must do as well as I can, and shall endeavour to keep my house in tolerably good repair. My kitchen, where I dress my victuals, is a comical little roundish sort of a room, much like an oven: it answers very well for what it was designed for, and that is enough. My garrets, or rather cocklofts, indeed, are very indifferently furnished; but they are rooms that few people now make use of, unless it be to lay lumber in. However, I make shift to rub on in my little way; and when rent-day comes, I must see and discharge it as well as I can. Whenever I am turned out, I understand my lodge, or whatever you pleasse to call it, descends to a low-spirited creeping

family, remarkable for nothing but being instrumental in advancing the *worm doctor:* but, be that as it will, I have a small apartment, which I reserve for my choicest friends, that lies on the left side of my house; it is very warm: you will be always a welcome guest, and may depend upon a lodging, as long as the edifice is in the tenure and occupation of your humble servant,

D. S.

THE TURNPIKE GATE.

ONE cold foggy evening in November 1792, an old man, a young woman, upon whose maternal knees reclined the head of a sleeping cherub, and a man about thirty years of age, in the habit of a sailor, were assembled round a blazing fire in a gate-house on the Plymouth road. The sailor had taken the hand of Fanny between both his own, and was begging her to proceed with a tale in which he was deeply interested: when a loud crash and vociferation of oaths without, caused them to start from their seats in extreme terror. A chaise-driver, much intoxicated, just then entered, covered with mud, and abused them grossly for neglecting to open the gate in time, by which his chaise had been shattered to pieces, and a gentleman within killed.

"God forbid! exclaimed Fanny, who instantly flew out with a light. The post-boy, however, had exaggerated the case; for the gentleman, instead of being killed, had extricated himself from the overturned vehicle, and was walking deliberately towards the house, wrapped in a heavy box coat, and covered with an immense hat. The old man offered him a place by the fire, which he sullenly declined; and, and after ordering the driver to unharness one of the horses, and ride to W—— for another chaise, he seated himself in a distant corner of the room, and seemed more disposed for sleep than conversation. The sailor, after casting a few significant looks towards the stranger, requested his sister to proceed. Fanny again commenced her tale.

"After the death of our poor mother, my father went on very badly; he seldom passed a day without treating me ill, or a night without a fit of intoxication; the little we had was expended without any economy, and I was forced to labour hard to keep him and myself decent in appearance. The squire of the manor was a rich purse-proud man, but his son was the most engaging and amiable youth I had ever known: he regarded me with partiality, and, in my uninformed mind, he was the most perfect of mankind. Of his political principles I must say little—they have proved the destruction of all our happiness: his father vainly tried to check the impetuous sallies of youth; and the insurrection that broke out in such an alarming manner, and raged through Ireland, gave young Oberne too fatal an opportunity of showing the part he intended to take; yet his regard for me in some measure restrained him; but that restraint was but of short continuance, for, the death of his father placing him in a state of affluence and independance, he immediately proved his disinterestedness by making me his wife. Need I say my first care was to make my father comfortable, and for some time we were all so; but Oberne could not long remain inactive: he headed a large party of rebels, attracted notice as a spirited leader from whom much might be feared, and became, in consequence, the object of pursuit. Reduced to the dreadful alternative of death or flight, we abandoned our peaceful home to the plunderers, and took refuge in a hovel about twelve miles from our former residence: the affection of my husband made me bear fatigue and hardship with patience, and the homeliness of my former life rendered my present situation less irksome, than it would have been had I passed my youthful days in luxury and indolence; yet Oberne's frequent absences filled my mind with agony. One day, as I was waiting his return with the impatience of distracted love, I beheld him flying breathless towards me, pursued by a party of soldiers: I fell upon my knees; the balls flew round me and whizzed with a stunning noise as they passed over my head. They surrounded my husband; he fought desperately, but was overpowered: I saw not the end; sense, life, forsook me in the moment that he was seized. The poor ignorant girl who had accompanied us

to our retreat wept over me daily, and expected never more to hear me speak in a rational manner; but I did recover to new horrors: I learned that my husband was in prison, condemned to die, having killed two men in resisting the military power. I was not even allowed to share his prison, and my situation became dreadful indeed. The officer who commanded the detachment sent to secure Oberne felt compassion for so young and unfortunate a creature: by my direction he applied to my father, who inhumanly refused me protection. The hovel I was in was in every respect improper for the state I was then in, for even necessaries were wanting. Captain Rivers insisted upon my removal to a more commodious place, and promised to use all his interest for my husband's release, but could not flatter me with hopes. At that time I suffered agonies inexpressible: indebted to a stranger for support, deprived of a husband I adored by an ignominious death, and expecting to bring an infant into life without a friend to cherish, or a prospect of support, was my dreadful situation; and I should have sunk under it, but for the inspirations of that religion which teaches an implicit dependance upon Providence. A few days after my becoming a mother, Captain Rivers came to me with looks of concern: my mind suggested the horrid tidings; but I was too hasty. Some of the captives had escaped—my husband among the number;—but an immediate pursuit had been made, and a dreadful slaughter ensued: among the rest, Oberne fell!"

A pause of distress ensued: the stranger, as if awaking from a deep sleep, requested a glass of water, and then resumed his former appearance of inattention. Fanny resumed:——

"Rivers then assured me that I should never want a friend, if I would accept of his protection; that his regiment was recalled to England, and that, if I would accompany him, he would pledge his honour I should be treated with all proper respect till I could get settled, which he assured me his friends in London would effect. What could I do? I knew it would be long before I could hear from you, even were I certain my letters would reach you. I placed every dependance upon the power of conscious virtue,

and accepted his offer. He took me to London, told the history of my misfortunes to a sister, who wanted but his virtues to make her his exact counterpart, for never were two persons so exactly modelled: she received me kindly, placed my child at nurse, and promised me every favour, Rivers behaved as a man of honour: he but once attempted to make a dishonourable proposal, and my repulse that time silenced him; yet the generous youth felt an affection for me so pure, so ardent, that he even offered me marriage. I felt penetrated with gratitude, but my heart was wounded too deeply to feel satisfaction at the proposal: it rather chilled with horror at the idea. 'No!' cried I, snatching my infant to my breast, 'I will beg with thee through the world, rather than wrong thy father's memory by uniting myself with one whose arm has been raised against his life.' A shower of tears rebuked me for the injustice of my accusation, yet every day brought fresh proofs of the srtength of his passion; and his sister, haughty, arrogant, and unfeeling, discovering the partiality of Rivers, and alarmed for the honour of her family, dismissed me from her house. Rivers once more offered his hand—his fortune: I once more refused them. 'It is well,' cried he: 'I know your noble motives, dearest of women, and will no further urge. Permit me only to point out one asylum: you have too proudly declined accepting any pecuniary favours from me, but there is on my estate at D—— an aged respectable man for whom I some time since obtained the office of gate-keeper; he leads a solitary life; your conversation and society would be a solace in his old age, and by exercising your needle you will amuse your leisure hours, and in some degree preserve your favourite independance. I will take care the old man shall have every comfort, and, though I shall be far distant, my heart will be often with you.' Upon my demanding an explanation, he told me he had entered into a regiment drafted for America, and only waited to see me in some safe asylum before he took, as he hoped, a long farewell of England; in which the principal unhappiness he had ever experienced, was my rejection. Suffer me to abridge my tedious tale: hither I came and here I have been tran-

quil if not happy. This good old man has proved in conduct a father to me; but the first real gleam of pleasure I have experienced during the three years of my abode here, was in being re-united to you, my dear brother.

Frank kissed the tears from her cheek.

"And have you not heard from the noble, generous Rivers?"

"Oh yes!" Fanny replied; "his letters are polite, friendly, but tinctured with such sadness as makes me shed tears at every perusal."

The stranger arose, walked slowly towards them, and presented a Picture; at which Fanny gazed with pleasing surprise.

"It is Rivers:—do you know him?"

The gentleman opened his coat, threw off his hat—"Do you know me?"

Fanny shrieked, and fell lifeless in his arms.

"I am her husband!" exclaimed Oberne wildly. "She is my long-lost, injured wife!"

Upon her recovering, he informed the astonished party that he was the only one who survived the carnage of the day when it was reported he fell; covered with wounds, and in a state to which death would have been preferable, he was taken into the hut of a rustic, where he languished long of his wounds, nor could gain the least intelligence of his wife, her removal from the place of their retreat having baffled all attempts at discovery. When able to walk, he went to her father's, where, with brutal insult, he received the distracting intelligence that she had eloped with an officer of the regiment by which she had been captured. "Driven to frenzy," added Oberne, "the fever of my soul affected my body, and retarded my pursuit, for pursuit and vengeance were my intentions. When I reached London, I learned that the regiment had embarked for America: thither I followed, I met Rivers—challenged him; but he refused to accept it; related the whole story, as you have, minutely, but refused to inform me of the

Place to which you had retreated till I had obtained my pardon, which he flatters me can be easily procured by letters with which he has supplied me from himself and Colonel D——, a man high in favour. 'If you succeed, my dear friend,' cried he, 'you shall immediately gladden the heart of a matchless woman; if not, far better will it be to let her remain undisturbed by fresh hopes and fresh miseries. Accept my picture,' added he; 'think of me as one who would die to serve you.' Charmed by his manner, I vowed eternal friendship: I am now fully sensible of errors for which I have severely suffered; and, since his precaution has proved useless, we will go my Fanny, to London, and live or die together."

Oberne succeeded, obtained a pardon, and, by sharing with Frank some honest-earned gold, purchased a commission in the same regiment to which Rivers belonged. The vicissitudes which Fanny had experienced secured her, in her future life, the satisfactory consciousness of having discharged her duty in every station; and the unremitting friendship of Rivers evinced the superior gratification of honour and generosity to mercenary or selfish enjoyments.

THE TURBAN.

A TURKISH TALE.

As Mustapha, the Beglerbeg or Lord of Bagdat, was riding along the bank of the Tygris, his horse, which in point of spirit and animation was the first of the Chaldean breed, started at some broken columns which had lately fallen, and now impeded the way, and giving a plunge, which almost shook the Serene Beglerbeg from his seat, began curveting among the horses of his attendants, which set them also to prancing, so that the whole troop was thrown into confusion.

Mustapha, who was reckoned one of the best horsemen in Assyria, Mesopotamia, or Chaldea, countries as famous

for equestrians as Tartary, resolved to tame his beast, or at least to render him less susceptible of accidental impressions. He therefore goaded him on, with an intention to make him overleap the broken columns which so unfortunately formed a barrier against the prosecution of his journey.

Mustapha, although a good and pious Mussulman, was obstinate: Bucephalus, his horse, possessed that virtue in a still greater degree.

Mustapha therefore spurred without being able to make Bucephalus advance, and Bucephalus kicked and plunged without being able to dismount Mustapha.

The contest on either side was carried on with equal spirit, and persevered in with equal pertinacity; how it would have ended it is impossible to divine, had not the accidental sound of a village pipe decided it for the present in favour of the Beglerbeg, though in the sequel somewhat to his disadvantage, for the moment that this shrill and piercing sound reached the susceptible ears of Bucephalus, it seemed to have electrified him; in fact, it caused him to do the very thing which all the exertions of his master were not able to make him perform. He flew over the broken columns with the celerity of an arrow, and lighting upon his feet left the Serene Beglerbeg Mustapha upon the ground, venting execrations against an animal, who but a few minutes before he would have wagered against the horse, ass, or mule Aberack, upon whose back the Arabian prophet Mahomet, who, it is well known, chose him in preference to any other vehicle, ascended to the diamond gate of the third Paradise.

The violence of Bucephalus had such an effect upon the horses in his train, that it caused them to fly different ways, in the moment when the assistance of his attendants was so necessary to the Beglerbeg.

The Turban of Mustapha had, in this contention, fallen off, and while he was in the act of execrating Bucephalus, he struck his head with his hand, and missing that tegument, he exclaimed, "Oh! holy Alla, what a misfortune have I sustained by that infernal horse! what a disgrace! a Mussulman to lose his Turban!"

"It is not lost most illustrious and sublime Mustapha," answered a voice, the accents of which vibrated upon his ear like the sweetest music, "I hold it in my hand."

The rage of Mustapha subsided the instant he turned his eyes and beheld one of the most beautiful objects that ancient or modern Assyria or Greece had ever produced. A slight covering of white callico so transparent, that it might rather be said to *shade* than conceal her person, was tied under her bosom with a zone of azure, which confined the upper part, while the symmetry of her form and elegant disposition of her limbs threw her flowing drapery into the most picturesque folds that it is possible for the imagination, fired by passion, and aided by genius, to conceive. Her redundant hair was according to the fashion of the Grecian maidens, which had probably been imported into Assyria, partly divided into three braids which hung below her waist, the rest wandering in ringlets over her neck and bosom; a small chaplet of flowers crowned her head, from which was suspended a veil of white gauze, and blue sandals adorned her feet.

A much longer time than has been spent in this description, the enraptured Mustapha had gazed upon her in speechless admiration. The virgin unconscious of her own attractions, and wondering at his silence, again offered him his Turban, which she still held in her hand. The Beglerbeg, without paying the least attention to her offer, perhaps, without knowing that she had made it, asked her if she was an Assyrian.

"Certainly," replied the girl.

"What is your name?"

"Zelia," she replied.

"What, oh! lovely Zelia, are your parents?" before she could answer this question the attendants of Mustapha arrived exclaiming,

"We have taken him! we have taken him!"

"Taken! whom have you taken!" cried the Beglerbeg.

"The youth, whose ill-toned and ill-timed music frightened Bucephalus, and at the same instant endangered the precious life of your excellency."

"Come along dog; he has the very countenance of a Christian," cried the attendants, dragging forward a youth in the dress of a Beduoine, that is to say, a loose robe and drawers of coarse camel-hair cloth, who had to a ribband suspended an Assyrian flute, which was, perhaps, the prototype of the doric.

"This," said they, "is the wretch that with malice prepense frightened the horse of your excellency; oh! sublime Mustapha."

"I had," said the Beglerbeg, fixing his eyes upon Zelia, "totally forgotten that Bucephalus was frightened."

"Pardon him most noble Mustapha, oh! pardon him;" exclaimed Zelia.

"If," said Mustapha, "he has been guilty of no greater crime, I shall not be very harsh in my censure. Who is he?"

Zelia in reply, represented the youth to be like herself, the offspring of a cottager.

This explanation caused the Serene Mustapha to turn his eyes towards the youth; his countenance and figure struck him; he seemed a model of male beauty, as accurately finished by the hand of nature as Zelia herself.

"I think," said he, speaking to the Tefterdar that attended him, "I never saw any thing half so handsome as these young Assyrians; what say you Zornestan?"

"With respect to the girl," replied Zornestan, "I am of your lordship's opinion. She is, indeed, loveliness itself; but with regard to the youth, I must humbly beg leave to dissent from it; I remember you in your juvenile days."

Mustapha, grave as he was, suffered his features to relax into a smile; and after pausing a minute said, "I must, as the day wears apace, return to Bagdat; therefore let Zelia and this youth follow me."

"That," said the youth, "would be a cruelty, of which your nature, oh! noble Mustapha, is incapable. Zelia has

a mother, to whom she clings for support; and I too have a mother, whose only existence is derived from my labour; our absence would be the death of either."

"What is your employment?"

"I work in the fields and gardens."

"A poor occupation; have you never wished for a better?"

"I have," returned the youth, "frequently wished to enter into the army, but a strong and ardent sense of duty has hitherto restrained me."

"Then," said Mustapha, "am I to understand that if I provide liberally for your mother, and give you a commission in the troops that are destined for Persia, you are free to go.

Zelia at this instant seemed in violent agitation, blushed, and in her confusion let fall the Turban.

The eyes of Mustapha were turned upon her, as she stooped to take it up. He observed that her trembling hand would scarcely enable her to perform that office. The youth, whose trepidation seemed to be nearly as great, lent her his support and assistance; and then turning to the Beglerbeg, after some hesitation, said,

"Taught by my mother, the amiable and virtuous Cyphantia, that nothing is so mean and ignoble as prevarication or disguise, I must humbly take the liberty to inform your excellency, that although I feel the keenest sensations of gratitude, the most ardent emotions of love and respect towards you for the kindness and liberality of your offer, yet I am not free to go. Impressed as I am with your benevolent consideration of my mother, how shall I dare to state to you that another motive, almost as powerful, detains me. I love Zelia; we have interchanged vows, and in a few days she has promised to become my wife. Can I then leave her?"

"I should think you mad if you did," replied Mustapha, "what say you Zornestan?"

"I would not leave her to obtain the post of grand Vizier," returned the Tefterdar.

"What is your name?" asked Mustapha.

"The same as your excellency's; I am called Mustapha."

The Beglerbeg starting said, "where is your father?"

"I never knew my father," returned the youth; "he left this country with the army when I was an infant, and has not since been heard of."

"I feel an affection for this youth," said Mustapha. "I wish I had something of value to present him as a token of my esteem. Here, take this cimetar," he continued, untying his sash, "and take also this Turban; nay, shrink not from the gift; I can command another. Come to my palace in three days, I will then consider what can be done for you."

"You will not carry Zelia to Bagdat, I hope, my lord," said the youth."

"Not," replied Mustapha, "except she avers that she likes my company better than yours. I see that she trembles at the very idea, therefore, I need not ask her the question. To your care and protection, oh! amiable youth, I leave her," he continued, as he mounted his horse, "let me see you in three days." As he uttered these words he turned toward the road that led to the bank of the Tygris, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

Though Mustapha, was a Turk, and had arrived at that time of life when, perhaps, men more strongly feel the influence of female attraction than at an earlier period; yet he was an exception from the generality of his countrymen. He was, in fact, although a Mussulman, a man of some virtue, and although his bosom might upon a late occasion glow with a warmth truly Asiatic, he could, with a command of passion which would have done credit to an inhabitant of Zealand or Nova Zembla, force himself from the lovely, the enchanting Zelia, the moment he heard that her affections were engaged to another. Now, having done this, he thought, and perhaps truly thought, that he had done all which the justice, all which the morality of the case required: his religion, he well knew, did not require so much.

He, therefore, when he entered the gate of Bagdat, considered himself as a much greater man than Alexander, inasmuch as he had obtained a conquest over himself, a tri-

umph over his passions, which were, indeed, the only conquests and triumphs for which the Macedonian hero was not celebrated.

The next morning Ismael, an old slave, entered the apartment, with more haste and consequently less ceremony than usual, saying, "the youth that your excellency met yesterday, (whose music frightened Bucephalus, which is, indeed, a proof of the taste and sagacity of that noble animal) who called himself Mustapha, and to whom you gave your Turban, is in the hall and requests an audience."

"Has he brought Zelia with him?" cried the Beglerbeg.

"No," said the slave, "but he has brought a thing of far greater value, namely, your inestimable Turban."

"May the black angel fly away with the Turban!" exclaimed Mustapha; "I wish to see the virgin. Where is she?"

"That the youth can best inform your excellency," returned the slave. "Shall I introduce him?"

"Well, bring him in."

The youth attended by Zornestan, the Tefterdar, entered the chamber, and with trembling and unsteady steps advanced toward the sopha on which the Serene Beglerbeg Mustapha was by this time seated, smoaking his morning's pipe. He had in his hand the Turban, which he laid on the velvet cushion at his feet, and kneeling, thus addressed him: "Did your excellency, oh, sublime and invincible Mustapha! when your liberality induced you yesterday to make me this magnificent present, mean to include this valuable jewel, pointing to a diamond crescent which adorned the front of it?"

"Certainly. Zornestan said that in my juvenile days I had the happiness to resemble you, this I know was flattery, and flattery the more agreeable to me, because your appearance struck me from the first moment I beheld you, as you both in figure and countenance bear a strong resemblance to a brother dear to me as my existence; who was once in this country; who was my adviser in civil affairs; my companion; more than once my protector in battle; and who fell by my side at the siege of Famagusta. Your air, your manners, I observed before; nay, the very tone of your

voice is like him; and this strong, this striking resemblance was my inducement to present you with a Turban adorned with a jewel that once was his."

"My mother," returned the youth, "has often told me that my father too fell at the siege of Famagusta."

"Merciful Alla! is it possible? No? yet, why not? The resemblance! in what station was your father? What was his name?" exclaimed Mustapha.

"Ibirhim," returned the youth, "the son of Murat Ibirhim, once a Bassa of the sea."

"My nephew! my nephew!" cried the Beglerbeg, as he embraced him.

"If there wants a further confirmation of a consanguinity so honourable to myself," said the youth, "behold this belt in which was suspended this cimetar, which you yesterday presented to me. This beautiful embroidery is the work of my mother's own hands."

"Oh, holy and benignant Alla!" exclaimed the Beglerbeg, "who hath so providentially discovered to the meanest of thy servants Mustapha, relations so dear to him, and at a time too when thou hadst, perhaps, as a punishment for former transgressions, bereft him of his own children; what words shall he find to convey the sentiments of his heart.

"Thus prostrate before thy throne," he continued, taking the hand of the youth, who involuntarily knelt by him, "he receives this precious gift in the hope that thy bounty thus extended to him is a pledge, that thy wrathful arrows are returned to their quiver, and that his sins, negligencies, or inadvertencies, are forgiven."

"Is there a heart so callous as to bear this scene unmoved? Is there a man in Bagdat that will not rejoice at this happy event? Well, most illustrious Mustapha," said Zornestan, "have reason well to remember thy brother Ibirhim; I also equally well remember that he once commanded a detachment of troops in this province, and the reluctance with which he quitted that command; the turbulent times that succeeded, and his premature death; but too well account for the abandonment of his wife and son, and the obscurity in which they have hitherto lived. But

there was another circumstance which yesterday struck me as much as the resemblance of this youth to you, and that was, the picture of piety and duty which he inadvertently displayed. It is by those finer, those scarcely perceptible touches, that we attain a true knowledge of the human character."

"What circumstance was this? said Mustapha.

"It appeared," continued Zornestan, "that this son of Ibirhim, this heir to Mustapha, supported his mother by labouring in the fields and gardens."

"The maternal care of Cyphantia," said the youth, "demanded the whole of my poor exertions. It was my duty, and merely my duty to toil for her from the rising to the setting of the sun. For myself, I considered that I was by Providence placed in an humble station, with which I was contented; therefore, if I ever had any aspiring thoughts, any ideas that flew beyond the narrow bounds of my mean condition, and made me wish to derive a greater advantage from my exertions, it was for her sake."

"Your piety and virtue, oh amiable youth! image of a beloved brother," returned Mustapha, "shall be rewarded. Cyphantia shall be placed in a state of affluence; you I shall publicly acknowledge as my nephew, therefore, I have no doubt but that you will readily agree to abandon Zelia."

"I will readily lay down my life if your excellency commands me," said the youth, "but that is the only means by which I can be brought to abandon Zelia. Her father, a Greek, taken by Ibirhim in an excursion, or rather irruption into that Empire, afterwards saved the life, and consequently became the dearest friend of his conqueror. His wife followed him into Assyria, and was as much attached to my mother. Zelia and myself were nurtured, and have grown up together. We loved each other long before we knew the meaning of the word, or understood the influence of that passion. The father of the beautiful Zelia accompanied Ibirhim to Constantinople, whence he went with him to Cyprus, and, I hear fell with——"

"You have been misinformed," cried Zornestan, embracing the youth with ecstasy; "in me behold the father of Zelia. The noble Mustapha knows that I certainly did

come with his brother to Constantinople, and then sailed in the expedition to Cyprus. He also knows that the illustrious Ibirhim expired in my arms: but such is the secrecy observed with respect to women in the Turkish Empire, that it has never till now come to his knowledge that his brother, as well as myself, left a wife and infant, his a son, mine a daughter, in Assyria. He does not know that I am by birth a Greek, the slave of his brother; that I, at his request took the Turban; nor does he know that I have diligently inquired after my wife and child, while I had any reason to suppose them living, and hourly lamented their fate, when after a long series of years had elasped, I was obliged to abandon hope, and conclude that they had, with the wife and son of Ibirhim, either been murdered in the horrid massacre which marked the rebellion of Othman Ashorder, carried into captivity, or fallen a prey to the disease of the climate."

"Why did you not inform me of the supposed fate of the wife and offspring of my brother!" said Mustapha.

"Alas continued Zornestan, "you had sorrow enough for the loss of your own family. Could I add to the affliction of a man who at that time had to lament the loss of two sons, and a daughter by the pestilential shafts of the destroying angel?"

"Of those pledges of connubial affection, once dear to me as my own existence, say no more!" returned the Beglerbeg, "awaken not the sorrows of a husband and a father; let me bow with humility to the decrees of Providence, and consider in the recovery of this noble youth, the race of Mustapha revived; let the melancholy and gloom which have long hung upon my mind, and with sable clouds shadowed my enjoyments, and spread a gloom around, give place to those brighter beams of joy and hilarity which upon this event have pervaded my very soul. Do you, my nephew, conduct Zornestan to his wife and daughter, and return with them and Cyphantia: we will henceforward be one family.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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SINGULAR ESCAPE FROM A NUNNERY.

THE escape (says Sir G. Staunton, in his account of the Embassy) of an intended victim to devotion made some noise, about this time in Teneriffe. A young lady, during her noviciate, had, by uncommon accident, the opportunity of seeing a youth who inspired her with a passion inconsistent with her former views of religious retirement.

Notwithstanding the apparent freedom left to novices to alter their intentions, it is, in fact, as unsafe as it is rare. This young novice manifested no symptoms of reluctance in pursuing her original vocation, and preparations were made for the awful ceremony of taking the last solemn vow to renounce the world. On such occasions it is the custom to throw open the gates of the convent, in order to satisfy the public that the ladies within them are equally at liberty to quit them altogether, or to continue within its walls. When the day arrived, which was to seal her doom and resign her for ever to the cloister, her relations and friends assembled, as is usual, to be present on the occasion. In the crowd of the spectators was the young gentleman, who was disputing with heaven the fair victim.

After a solemn exhortation from the pulpit, that now the final moment was arrived when she was to devote herself to God, abandoning all sublunary considerations, as well as all ties of affection, or of blood, or instantly to quit the holy place she then inhabited, for ever; she stretched out her hand to the youth, who advanced quickly to receive it, and hurrying her directly from the church; while the priests, the nuns, her relations, and the people, stood motionless with astonishment, the happy pair got soon safely to a place where they were married.

The Poet, the Brain, the Pen, and the Inkstand.

[A FABLE TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.]

A POET obtained prodigious success; sea[illegible]ainly is[illegible]ble, he indulged in the glorious idea of his [illegible] This

love of glory, common to all men, kindled in his heart a secret fire. The idea of the praises bestowed upon him, made the blood circulate with violence through his veins: joy filled his entire being. His *Brain*, stung with jealousy, thus addressed him :—" You are indebted to me for your success. It was I who furnished the ideas which have gained you so much honour. Surely, without me, you could not have written a single word." The *Pen* overheard this claim to exclusive praise, and, full of Indignation, thus addressed the *Brain* :—" What vanity! Without me, what could you have done with all your fine ideas and fine imagination? It is to me he is indebted for them; to me who have committed them to paper." The *Inkstand* then put in his word. Without me, you could have written nothing. What could you have done, had I not bathed you in my ink?" The *Poet*, stunned with these clamours, which would tear from him all the glory that he had acquired, said to them—" I am equally obliged to you all; to you, my *Brain*, for suggesting ideas; to you my *Pen*, who wrote them: and to you, my *Inkstand*, who supplied the mean's to do so." Thus the dispute ended.

A few days after, the Poet published a new work: but its fate was the reverse of the former. Every body turned their back upon him; some wrote satires, others made invectives against him. In a short time he became the laughing-stock of the world. The Poet then complained of his Brain for having suggested such nonsense. He flew into a passion against his Pen and Inkstand for having contributed to commit it to paper; but they all denied that any blame attached to them. The Brain said he did not know how to chuse among the ideas which it had suggested. The Pen and inkstand reproached him with being a bad Poet, alledging that they had done nothing but obey his will, and written only what he pleased. The poor unfortunate Poet, had no other resource but to hold his tongue, and weep over his disgrace in solitude.

Such is the common fate of man. When an undertaking succeeds, all are anxious to claim a share in the event. But does it fail? Every body abandons him: nobody admits that he had any share in the business, and all maintain that the fault was entirely his own.

Song,

THE WOOD ROBIN.

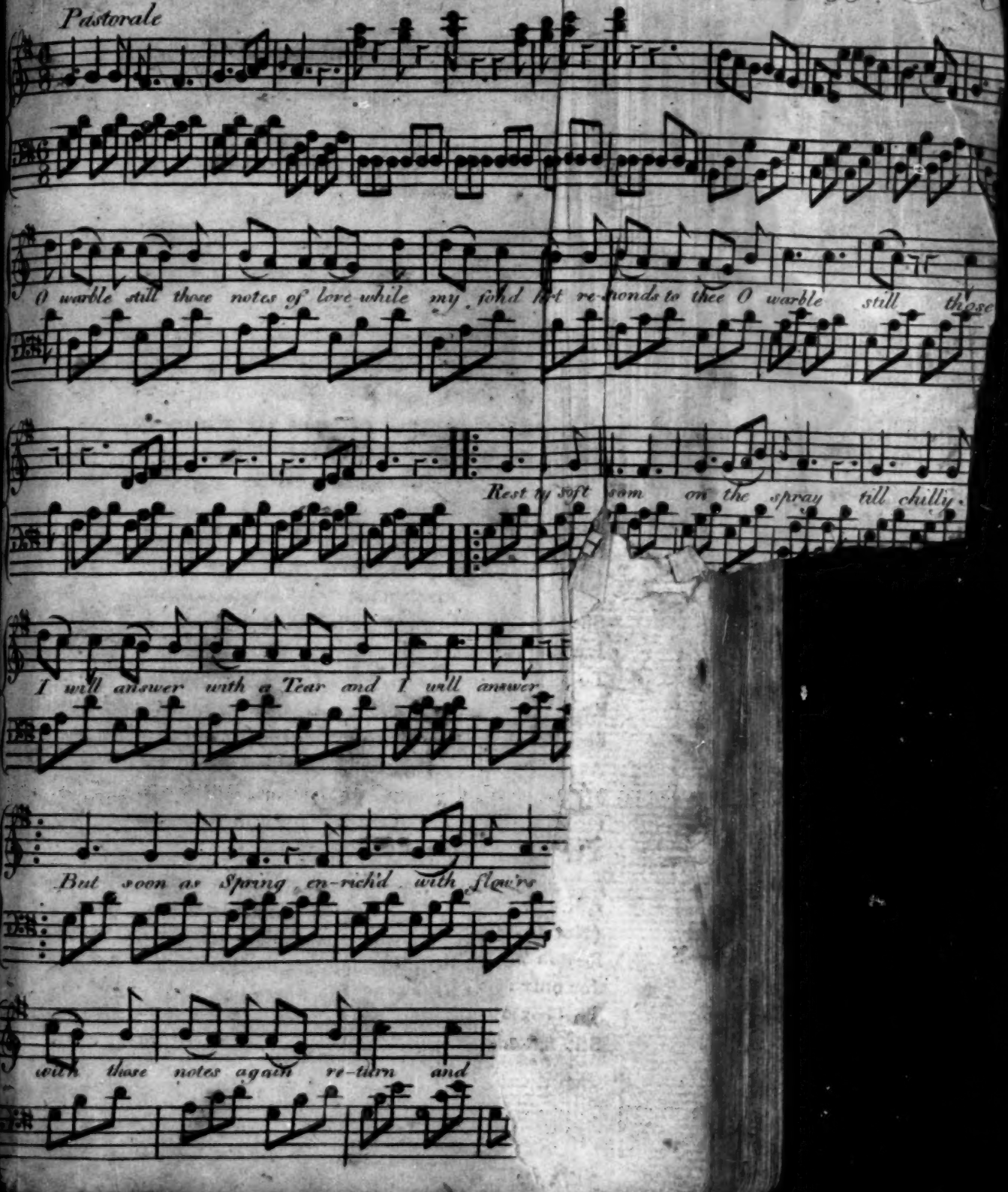
Stay sweet enchanter of the Grove,
Leave not so soon thy native tree;
O warble still those notes of love,
While my fond heart responds to thee.
O warble still those notes of love, &c.

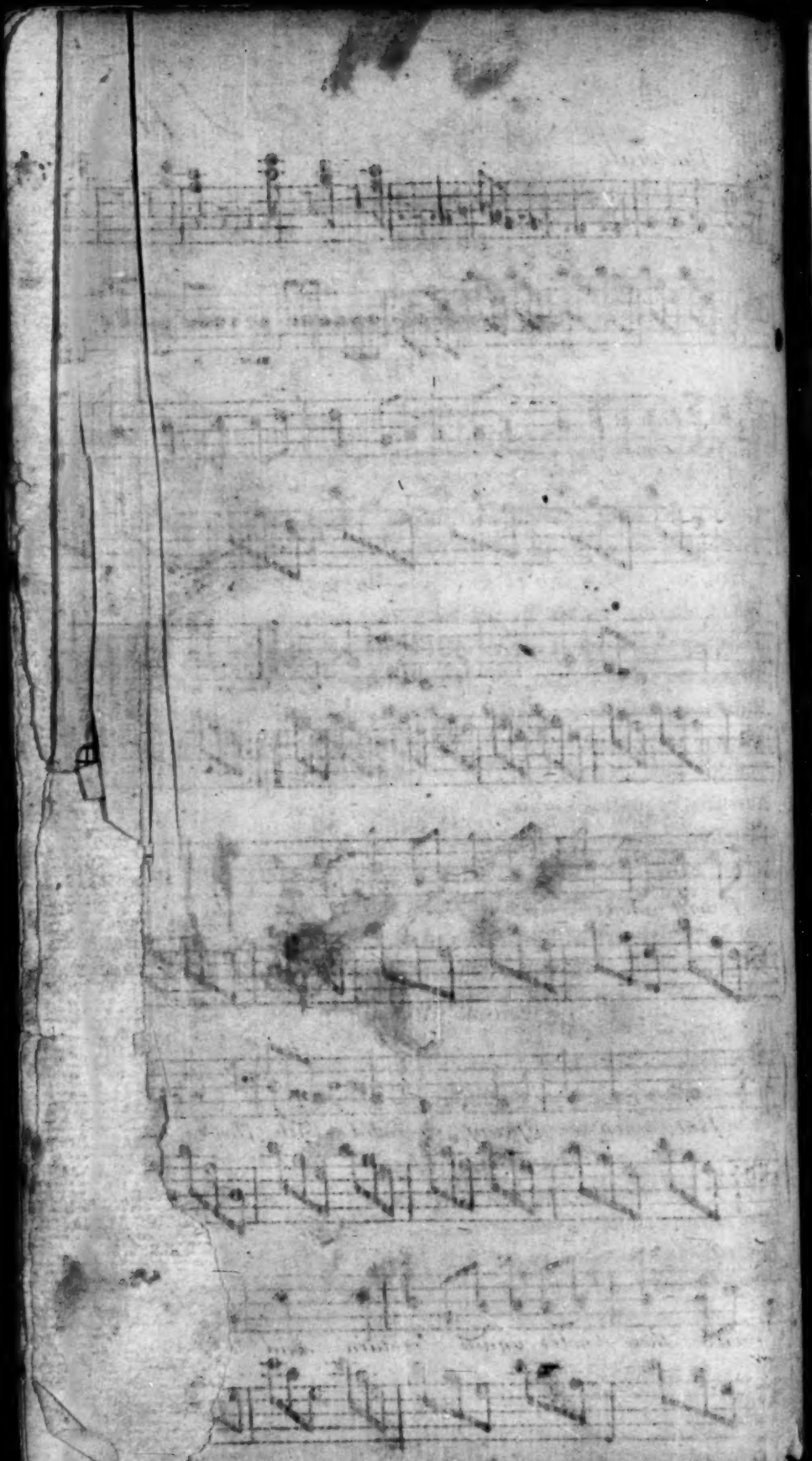
Best thy soft bosom on the spray,
Till chilly Autumn frowns severe,
Then charm me with thy parting lay,
And I will answer with a tear.
And I will answer, &c.

But soon as Spring enrich'd with flow'rs,
Comes dancing o'er the new drest plain.
Return and cheer thy natal bow'rs
My Robin with those notes again.
Return and cheer thy natal bow'rs
My Robin with those notes again.

The Wood

Pastorale





POETRY.

THE WIFE.

THE virtues that endear and sweeten life,
And form that soft companion, call'd a wife;
Demand my song. Thou who didst first inspire
The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre.
Hail, lovely woman! nature's blessing, hail!
Whose charms o'er all the powers of man prevail:
Thou healing balm of life, which bounteous heaven,
To pour on all our woes, has kindly given!
What were mankind without thee? or what joy,
Like thy soft converse, can his hours employ?
The dry, dull, drowsy bachelor surveys,
Alternative, joyless nights and lonesome days:
No tender transports wake his sullen breast,
No soft endearments lull his cares to rest:
Stupidly free from nature's tenderest ties,
Lost in his own sad self he lives and dies.
Not so the man, to whom indulgent Heaven
That tender bosom-friend, a wife, has given;
Him, blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,
No secret checks of guilt his mind allay:
No husband wrong'd, no virgin honour spoil'd,
No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child!
No fell disease, no false embrace is here,
The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere.
Does fortune smile? How grateful must it prove
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love!
Or does she frown? The fair with softening art,
Will sooth our woes or bear a willing part.

THE COQUETTE.

FLIRTILLA with enchanting grace,
A lovely form, and beauteous face,
Attracts the gay admiring crowd,
Her charms by all the beaux allow'd:
Smiling on all who ardent gaze,
She heeds not love, but seeks for praise.
Her ruling passion vanity,
And fond of nought but flattery—
With bosom steel'd to Cupid's darts,
She plays with more susceptive hearts;
Attentive hears each lover's tale,
While each believes his sighs prevail;
Gives hopes to all, but love to none,
Yet strives to please them ev'ry one:
Fops, fools, and wits, are all caress'd,
The most esteem'd who flatter best.
Yet should a lover dare complain,
She soon discards him with disdain;
Laughs with his rivals, who, in turn,
To bear the same contempt must learn:
Regardless if her chains they break,
Secure fresh conquests still to make.
As careless spendthrifts squander wealth,
Her beauty (she destroys) and health:
Of bliss Hymenial makes a jest;
Yet 'midst her pleasures is unblest:

Ah, would Flirtilla me attend,
(Not as a lover—but a friend),
Reason and truth should clearly prove,
Joy only dwells with mutual love;
That coxcombs, plum'd in love's disguise,
Still flatter where they most despise;

That female friends, like pearls of morn,
Do but that glittering hour adorn;
That beauty, like the tender flower,
Lives not beyond the noon-tide hour;
That virgin charms soon fade and die,
And lovers, as inconstant, fly!

Then haste, Flirtilla, would I say,
No longer trifle time away,
But take Constantia for thy guide,
Give, give thy hand, and be a bride;
Then shalt thou taste the sweets of life,
Blest as a mother and a wife,—
Know all the joys the world can give,
And honour'd and respected live.

Or shouldst thou his advice neglect,
Without a husband to protect,
Without a child in life's decline,
No aged comfort shall be thine;
But when the bloom of youth's gone by,
Neglected live, forgotten die.

ODE TO THE MUSES.

YE flitting hours still on the wing,
Where are your transient pleasures flown?
What time the muse was wont to sing
Of joys, which then, were all my own.

When jocund health inspir'd the strain,
And prompted all the muses' fire;
sung of shepherds on the plain,
Their constant loves their chaste desire.

And oft, as active fancy led,
I rov'd o'er fiction's fairy ground;
Cull'd every flow'ret in the shade,
And trod the ever varying round.

Sweet poesy! celestial power!
Thy dulcet strains can soothe my woe!
Can ease the langour of each hour,
Can bid my tears forget to flow!

When gloomy thoughts my soul invade,
And all my inward peace destroy!
I call the muses to my aid,
And share the evanescent joy!

In verse there is a magic power,
That steals upon the human mind;
Though pen'ry gripe, and tempests lour,
Yet fancy still is unconfin'd!

Then let me still be of your train,
Ye muses, and ye sylvan gods;
Since human joys are light and vain,
Lead, lead me to your blest abode.

C. O.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN friendship's sacred sympathies inspire,
Who can resist the muses kindling fire?
Friendship! thou dearest blessing heav'n bestows,
Balm of all care and softner of our woes;
I at thy shrine my willing tribute pay;
And to thine honour consecrate my lay;

Thy form is lovely and thy fruit divine,
For love, and peace, and joy, and truth are thine;
And kindred souls, who feel this gen'rous flame,
Enjoy a fund of bliss that wants a name:
Ye sons of wine! who o'er your cups pretend
Eternal service to your jovial friend,
When the warm fumes forsake your reeking brains,
Say, of your boasted friendship what remains?
How oft, alas! what bitter hate succeeds,
What broken vows, and what attrocious deeds!
How oft in smoke your vain professions end,
And the smooth flatterer supplants the friend:
Ye sons of int'rest! whose benighted souls
Are cold and dark as winter at the poles;
Say, when your fav'rite point is once obtain'd,
Your purse replenish'd and your neighbour's drain'd;
When pinching pover ty distracts the breast,
Will then your friendship firmly stand the test?
Will friendship *then* the needful aid supply,
And wipe the bursting tear from sorrow's eye?
Friendship's a pure, a heav'n-descending flame,
Worthy the happy regions whence it came;
The sacred tie that virtuous spirits binds,
The golden chain that links immortal minds!
Not the obsequious fop, whose words beguile,
Who lives or dies as you, or frown or smile,
Can feel the joys true amity imparts
To gentle bosoms and to honest hearts;
To vice and shame, the charmer's all unknown
He *lives* and *reigns* in *virtuous hearts* alone!

L. H.

Foreign News.

A late Census of the Inhabitants in England and Wales, has been taken under an Act of Parliament.

Total number in England,	7,492,484
Wales,	255,889
The Army, Navy, &c.	469,188
	8,217,561

Extract of a letter from Peter Took, Esq. to W. Ramsay, Esq. dated Constantinople, July 19, 1801.

"I had the honor to address you, on the 17th inst. by an express courier, in order to inform you of the reduction of the castle and city of Cairo by his majesty's and the Ottoman armies, after some severe actions wherein the enemy had lost 2000 men in killed and wounded; and that the remainder, consisting of 4000 men had surrendered. I have only learnt since, that the enemy capitulated on honorable terms, and were to march to Rosetta, to be embarked for France, under the escort of British ships of war."

The following Circular to the Agents and Consuls of the United States residing in France, Spain, &c. &c. has been written by our Consul at Tripoli.

"GENTLEMEN,

"In addition to my circular of the 11th instant, I am sorry to inform you that our flag staff was chopped down upon Thursday the 14th instant, and War was declared in form by the Bashaw of Tripoli against the United States of America.

"You will please to give every possible publicity to this circular, and transmit a copy thereof to the Department of State. I shall depart from Tripoli to Tunis in a few days, where I mean to wait the President's orders.

I am, gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant.

JAMES L. CATHCART.

Chancery of the U. States of America at Tripoli, in Barbary, May 15, 1801.

Peace between Spain and Portugal was ratified, and M. Pinto, the Negociator, arrived at Lisbon the 16th July. An accommodation with France had not taken place; nor was it supposed it would be; as the demands of the First Consul was equal to the conquest.

Copy of a letter from Rear Admiral Sir James Saumerez, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated on board his Majesty's ship Cæsar, at Gibraltar, the 6th July, 1801.

SIR,

I have to request you will be pleased to inform my lords commissioners of the admiralty, that, conformably to my letter of yesterday's date, I stood through the Streights, with his majesty's squadron under my orders, with the intention of attacking three French line of battle ships and a frigate, that I had received information of being at anchor off Algeziras; on opening Cabareta Point, I found the ships lay at a considerable distance from the enemy's batteries, and having a leading wind up to them, afforded every reasonable hope of success in the attack.

I had previously directed Cap. Hood, in the Venerable, from his experience and knowledge of the anchorage, to lead the squadron, which he executed with his accustomed gallantry, and although it was not intended he should anchor, he found himself under the necessity so to do, from the wind's falling, (a circumstance so much to be apprehended in this country), and to which circumstance I have to regret the want of success in this well intended enterprise. Capt. Sterling anchored opposite to the inner ship of the enemy, and brought the Pompey to action in the most spirited and gallant manner, which was also followed by the commanders of every ship in the squadron.

Captains Darby and Ferris, owing to light winds, were prevented for a considerable time from coming into action; at length the Hannibal getting a breeze, Capt. Ferris had the most favourable prospect of being along side one of the enemy's ships, when the Hannibal unfortunately took the ground, and I am extremely concerned to acquaint their lordships, that after having made every possible effort with this ship and the Audacious, to cover her from the enemy, I was under the necessity to make sail, being at the time only three cables length from one of the enemy's batteries.

The enemy's ships consisted of two of eighty-four guns, and one of seventy-four, with a large frigate; two of the former are aground, and the whole are rendered totally unserviceable.

I cannot close this letter without rendering the most ample justice to the great bravery of Capt. Ferris; the loss in his ship must have been very considerable both officers and men, but I have the satisfaction to be informed, that his majesty has not lost so valuable an officer.

I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

JAMES SAUMAREZ.

American Intelligence.

From KNOXVILLE, *Aug.* 5.

On Wednesday night last, Mrs. Sarah Crawford, of Knox county, (whose husband was absent, and who resided with her three children about 100 yards from her father's) was most inhumanly murdered, by negro Jack, the property of Stephen Pate. She was found the next morning laying in the yard, one of the most shocking spectacles that can be conceived. It appears that she had been strangled and otherwise ill used on the bed, as blood was found thereon and on the infant which she had in the bed with her, and afterwards dragged in the yard, where she was beat to death with a board and a claw hammer. There were fourteen wounds on her head, three of which penetrated to the skull; her breasts and arms were much bruised, and one of them broken.

The perpetrator of this horrid act was taken and committed to jail on Saturday last.—On his examination he confessed the fact, and acknowledged that his intention was to have gone to bed to Mrs. Crawford, but that meeting with resistance, he was induced to murder her.

A court was called last Monday, and being charged with the murder, he confessed the crime. The court after the examination of witnesses, pronounced the sentence, that he should be burnt to death on the Commons of this town, on Tuesday, between the hours of 12 and

4 o'clock, which sentence was put in execution in the presence of a great concourse of people.

Boston, Aug. 28.

FAIRBANKS TAKEN.

Yesterday, Jason Fairbanks, under sentence of death for Murder, was safely committed to goal in this town. He escaped from the prison in Dedham, on Tuesday the 18th inst. and was accompanied in his flight by Henry Dukeham. They took the road to Worcester and Spencer, passed Connecticut river at Hadley on Wednesday evening, and lodged that night near the Turnpike gate, eight miles distant; from thence they proceeded through Cheshire, Bennington, in Vermont, Arlington and Grenville, on to Skeensborough, (Whitehall) on South-bay, Lake Champlain, where they were apprehended on Sunday morning last, between eight and nine o'clock, by Capt. Henry Tisdale, of Dover, Mr. Moses P. Holt, of Hadley, and Mr. Seth Wheelock of Medfield. Messrs. Tisdale and Wheelock were sent on the pursuit by Sheriff Cutler. At Milford, they obtained their first information of the fugitives, and pursued the road to Connecticut river; where they were joined by Mr. Holt, and continued their pursuit, from information obtained on the road, to Skeensborough Landing; where Mr. Holt, being the best mounted, arrived first, found them, kept them in conversation until assistance came up, and then secured him. Previous to this, Dukeham had chartered a boat, for 15 dollars, to convey Fairbanks down the lake to St. John's, in Canada, who was ready to embark, having some baggage and stores on board; and was only waiting breakfast, which was on the table; and to take leave of his companion. They were conducted to Northampton, where by direction of his Excellency the Governor, they were delivered into the custody of Gen. Mattoon, Sheriff of Hampshire county, and by him brought to this town, and both committed to jail. The fugitives were not armed; and did not make any resistance. They travelled leisurely after they had passed the river, though they were well mounted.—At Arlington in Vermont, Dukeham changed a ten dollar bill, and told his name —and that he belonged to Dorchester—Fairbanks appeared to be astonished that any one should pursue him; and

observed, that had he suspected he was followed, his pursuers should have rode some hundred miles further.—On the road after his detection, he observed the same indifference to his situation as on his trial. Much credit is due to the gentlemen who apprehended the fugitives, for their persevering and spirited exertions. Besides a liberal compensation for their services, they are entitled to the gratitude of every friend to law and justice.

Boston, September 11th.

EXECUTION OF FAIRBANKS.

Yeterday the sentence of the law was executed on Jason Fairbanks for the murder of Elizabeth Fales. At half past 8 o'clock in the morning the prisoner was taken from the Jail in this town and conducted to the County of Norfolk. —He was carried in an open coach, and attended by the Rev. Dr. Thatcher. The carriage was preceded by the Sheriff of Suffolk, and his Deputies. At the County line he was delivered into the charge of Sheriff Cutler, who proceeded with him to the Jail at Dedham. Soon after two o'clock, he was led to the place of execution on the Common, and a few minutes before three he suffered the ignominious punishmem ordered for his crime.

During all the incidental solemnities peculiar to such an awful occasion, he appeared as insensible of his situation as he did upon his trial;—and made the signal for his own execution by dropping his handkerchief.

Domestic Occurrences.

September 2d.—This afternoon Lot Chevers, brother to Dr. Abijah Chevers, of Boston, fell from the boat a-stern of the schooner Peggy, and before relief could be given he was no more. The verdict of the coroner's jury was *accidental death.*

A serious Accident.

8th—As Mr. Casper Meir was riding to his residence at Bloomingdale, near the Park, his horse started and ran away with him; he was thrown out of his chair at the head of Frankfort-street, in Chatham Row—both of his

legs were broken, the one near his ancle, the other near his knee. He was also much bruised in several other parts of his body. Medical assistance was immediately procured, and we hope by the aid and skill of his physicians, and the attention of his friends, he may recover.

18*th*.—The Right Reverend Bishop Moore, returned to this city from Trenton, after having received Episcopal Consecration by the Right Reverend Bishops White, Clagget, and Jarvis; to which sacred office he had been unanimously elected by both Clergy and Laity in the convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the State of New-York, lately held in this city; in consequence of the resignation of the jurisdiction over said Church by the Right Reverend Bishop Provoost.

20*th*.—Elijah Hewit, of Rahway, fell from a sloop lying in the corporation dock, North-River, and was drowned.

A young Lady in Cherry-street, of amiable qualifications, we are informed, put an end to her existence on Monday last, by taking a large portion of laudanum—The equivocations of a young gentleman, who had addressed her as a lover, and engaged in marriage, is said to be the cause of this sad event.

27*th*.—This morning, just after day light, a man, supposed to belong on Long Island, went to the lower end of Liberty-street dock, on the North River, and jumped in. Notwithstanding every effort made, by a person present, to save him, he was drowned. He had on a low crowned hat, red flannel jacket, tow trowsers, and shoes, without stockings.

Marriages.

By the Rev. Mr. Millar, Mr. Josiah Sturges, Merchant, to Miss Rebecca Cooper, both of Augusta.—Mr. Lewis Angevine to Miss Catharine Paff, both of this city.—Mr. Elijah Angevine to Miss Charlotte Morgan, both of West Chester County.—Mr. Jordan Mott, to Miss Lavinia

Striker, daughter of James Striker, Esq. of Bloomingdale. —Mr. Richard Kedney, to Miss Mary Lewis, both of this city.—At Auburn, near Trenton, Mr. Charles Gordon, Merchant, to Miss Hunter, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hunter.—Mr. John Adrian, to the amiable Miss Margaret Wall, both of this city.—Mr. Henry P. Franklin, of New-York, Merchant, to Miss Hannah C. Allen, daughter of the late Captain Allen of that town.—In the Friends' meeting, at Stanton Hill, Thomas Gould, merchant, to Dorcas Barney, both of Albany.—Mr. Walter Titus, merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary Van Nostrand, daughter of Mr. J. Van Nostrand, of Brooklyn.

Deaths.

At Bloomfield, in the state of N. Jersey, Mrs. Mary Davis, the wife of Mr. Cornelius Davis, Bookseller of this city.

In the 18th year of her age, Miss Eliza Morris, daughtes of Mr. David Morris, of this city.

In the 16th year of his age, at Hempsted, (L. I.) Mr. John Marvin, jun. son of John Marvin, grocer of this city.

Miss Elenor Moody, daughter of the late Major Andrew Moody, of the Artillery.

Mr. John Byrne, keeper of the Tontine Coffee House.

Near Albany, James L. Bogert, Esq. one of the Directors of the Washington Mutual Assurance Company of this city.

In the 75th year of her age, Mrs. Margaret Hamersly, wife of Mr. Andrew Hamersly, of this city.

Mrs. Sarah Ten Eyck, wife of A. Sr Ten Eyck, aged 26 years.

Mr. David Jackson, one of the Aldermen of Philadelphia.

At the Lazeretto in Philadelphia, Dr. Hall, Visiting Physician at that establishment.

At Schenectady, Mr. Samuel S. Brush, Merchant from New-York, in the 26th year of his age.

At Albany, the hon. Robert Yates, Esq. late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State.